one that stirred me most today is neither by Rembrandt nor Vinci; it is Titian's *Man with a Glove,* which moved me to tears. Decidedly it would seem that the intensity of the life it contains constitutes the value of a thing. Whether that life, moreover, is the life of the artist or that of the subject.

Giving exactly what others expect of you is very astute when you wish to arrive; otherwise I consider it rather cowardly, like everything that is too easy.

One ought not to have any personal sorrows, but rather espouse those of others . . . so as to be able to change them frequently.

Ibsen's *Ghosts* made a great impression upon me at this new reading; I read the play to my mother and Aunt Henry. But one must be careful not to make too much of the element of scandal. It is by pushing things rather than by colliding with them that one sets them in motion. We must always take into account the inertia of both souls and bodies. By colliding one often breaks, and that's the end. One must stir rather.

La Roque

I wanted to suggest, in the *Tentative amoureuse,* the influence of the book upon the one who is writing it, and during that very writing. As the book issues from us it changes us, modifying the course of our life, just as in physics those free-hanging vases, full of liquid, are seen, as they empty, to receive an impulse in the opposite direction from that of the liquid's flow. Our acts exercise a retroaction upon us. "Our deeds act upon us as much as we act upon them/' said George Eliot.

In my case I was sad because a dream of irrealizable joy was tormenting me. I relate that dream and, isolating the joy from the dream,

I make it mine; my dream has broken the spell and I am full of joy.

No action upon an object without retroaction of that object upon the subject. I wanted to indicate that reciprocity, not in one's relations with others, but with oneself. The subject that acts is oneself; the object that retroacts is a literary subject arising in the imagination. This is consequently an indirect method of acting upon oneself that I have outlined; and it is also, more directly, a tale.

Luc and Rachel[6] also want to realize their desire, but while, by writing mine down, I realized it in an ideal way, they, dreaming of the park that they saw only from the outside, want to go in materially; when they do, they experience no joy. In a work of art I rather like to find transposed, on the scale of the characters, the very subject of that work. Noth-

[6] The protagonists of *La Tentative amoureuse.*